

Not the jealous type by thatbluenote

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Summary:

Robin has a crush on Nancy.

Not the jealous type

Author's Note:

Thank youuuuuu [psychicfluffbeast](#) for the inspiration, this was fun and I am toying around with writing more in this verse.

(Lightly edited/added to since original Tumblr post)

Robin has been crushing on Nancy in a far-off, vague way for months — it's her perfect little hips and those piercing, huge eyes. The way she blushes and the way she keeps secrets.

But Nancy is taken and Robin is careful. Robin knows what she can't have, can't say. Doesn't bother to do much more than want and idly wonder.

Until one weekend at a party when Jonathan, it seems, is out of town. It's late and everyone else has gone inside except the two of them. Robin with her empty beer bottle and Nancy with a plastic cup gone sticky with the last dregs of the mystery punch. Robin wants nothing more than to flirt with her, but now that this daydream of a girl is in front of her, all Robin's got are questions. Robin has heard some things from Steve — he keeps slipping up. His insomnia is getting worse, no matter how many times he goes out “hiking” — and Robin just really needs to know how much of what he's told her is real. She just wants a little corner of reality to hang onto.

When she asks, Nancy looks at her with those heartbreaker eyes, luminous in the dark but with something wilder and more knowing. Robin thinks for a second that she'd follow her into the woods in a second, and not for kisses. For bullets, for nails. For bone and blood.

Nancy doesn't tell her everything, but she does tell her enough. For this little piece of trust, Robin feels her heart might crack a little with relief. Hawkins feels so cold sometimes when there are so many fucking secrets to keep. The feeling is so good it loosens something in Robin's chest. She's in a good mood, all she wants to do is make her laugh. So Robin imitates Steve trying to lie about Billy and lie about

the bat in the trunk of his car, and Nancy laughs so hard she can't breathe. By the time she gets her breath back, they're both shivering in the cold and giddy, and Nancy is gazing at her with tipsy fondness like it's been too long since she's felt like laughing at all.

"See, this is the kind of shit I miss. Robin, why weren't we friends before?"

"You're too sweet. Or maybe too cute for me, Wheeler." Better a joke too close to the truth than a lie. Don't touch a lock of her hair. Don't wind fingers through hers. Don't ask what friendship means when you're cracked open too wide and too hungry for the thing you want. Just say it lightly. "Or whatever, too much of a temptation. Is Jonathan the jealous type?"

Those crazy little elfin eyes of hers glitter in the orange glow of the backyard light. "Funny you should ask."

And that's when Nancy Wheeler gives Robin the surprise of her life, leaning in for a kiss that turns deep and soft and needful, the pull of gravity between them sudden and slick. The taste of her, that plush mouth — Robin is dizzy with what she wants, and with what she didn't know she could have, and with what she suddenly thinks they could get away with.

"So that's a no."

That smile full of secrets. "Let's get out of here."

And they do.